DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

VOLUME XII., No. 22. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 15, 1877. SEMI-MONTHLY, 30 CTS. per An., Post-Paid.

NOTICE.

Subscribers finding the figures 11 after their name will bear in mind that their term will expire at the end of the present month. Early remittances are desirable, as there is then no loss of any numbers by the stopping of the paper.

D. I. K. RINE.

Our readers will remember that last spring the MESSENGER contained a portrait of Francis Murphy and a sketch of his life and work in the Gospel Temperance movement. While Francis Murphy was in Pittsburg, Pa., in November, 1876, a lady invited her husband, who had fallen through drink, to attend the Opera House. He thought this a very strange invitation to come from that quarter, but went, was convinced that he, a fallen man, could be raised again, and saved. He had been born in Pennsylvania in 1835, of French and German parentage, had attended Madison College, served an apprenticeship as a printer, attained a position of trust, had trifled with the intoxicating cup, had become a drunkard, and felt the misery of an almost hopeless existence. But the eloquent appeals of the reformed prisoner and tavern-keeper stirred up all the manhood that was within him, and with God's help he determined to battle against the enemy to his body and soul. A month after this time he delivered his first temperance address, and at once was recognized as a power on the temperance platform. He was called to lecture in Pittsburg and Alleghany cities, and after doing good work there, was chosen to inaugurate the Gospel Temperance Movement in Meadville, where his labors were crowned with success. He then passed to Newcastle, Franklin, and Erie City in Pennsylvania, his beneficial work soon after his visit becoming manifest in all of them. In Erie County alone thirty-five thousand signatures were obtained to the pledge. At this time his correspondence increased to such an extent that he was forced to employ Mr. John S. Boyd, of Erie, as his private secretary, who has since remained with him. His first visit to Canada was in April last, when he was induced to visit St. Catharines, and with Mr. Davidson inaugurated the "Gospel Temperance Movement" in every town and village in Lincoln County. The knowledge of his wonderful success spread through Canada, and increasing demands were made for his services in other places. He first accepted the call to Toronto, the committee there agreeing to pay his expenses for two weeks and permit him to hold meetings his own way. At first no enthusiasm was manifested in his meetings, and it was thought that for once his efforts would be unsuccessful, but soon the change came, and night after night every inch in the largest halls in Toronto was crowded, and many left without being able to obtain as much as standing room. At the first meeting held in Mrs. Morrison's Opera House, nearly five hundred signatures were obtained to the pledge. Then it was resolved to retain Mr. Rine's services for a longer period than that first decided on; churches of all denominations were thrown open to him and the movement from that day was a complete success. Amongst other adjuncts of the movement were the breakfast-meetings, which were held for eight successive Sabbaths, provisions being provided and the work done by the Ladies' Temperance Union. Through this means hundreds who would have wandered aimlessly and perhaps breakfastless on the streets were gathered together, fed and had the privilege, when their bodily cravings were satisfied and their hearts warm, of uniting in religious exercises. As many as five hundred persons assembled at one of these meetings, and some three hundred rose for prayers, thereby expressing their intention of leading a purer life. Mr. Rine remained in Toronto for eleven weeks, and, during that time, thirteen thousand persons signed the pledge. After leaving Toronto his work was continued there by the Total Abstinence Club. He next visited Brantford, where during two weeks some thousand persons signed the pledge. He then attended the International Temperance Association on Wellesley Island; then spent a few days at home in Alleghany City, spent the 20th August in the Grimsby camp ground, where one thousand persons signed the pledge—his greatest single day's work. He visited several towns and villages in the vicinity of Hamilton, and afterwards the town of St. Thomas, procuring seven hundred signatures there. On September 15th he reached Belleville, where three thousand signed the pledge. Kingston was his next station, and three hundred signatures were added to the roll; and in Ottawa, which next welcomed him, two thousand one hundred persons enrolled themselves as members of his society. In Montreal, his next place of visit, his success was even still greater when the nature of the community amongst which he had to work is considered, he there obtaining as many as twenty-three hundred signatures during his first month's work. Mr. Rine's great strength seems to be in his faith—apparent to the most indifferent—in every man who signs the pledge. If the pledge is broken Mr. Rine's faith is not, and again and again the man is induced to endeavor to, "God helping him," break the chains tied around him by Satan. In his addresses he never even hints at the legal aspects of the liquor traffic, but confines himself to the work of raising those it has debased. He thus disarms opposition from the liquor-sellers. While the traffic he hates, those engaged in it he pities. He also endeavors, as far as possible, to arrest the fallen by material as well as spiritual means, by visiting them, and when they have remained true, obtaining for them situations they had lost, or others which would put bread in their mouths. "A man can get whiskey when he can't get bread," he says; "he can stand around the bar-room and loaf until some one treats. That stimulates him, but it doesn't do the family much good." Thus, times when there is nothing to engage the thoughts of the man who would reform—but his sins and misery—are the bitterest of all, and in helping him here Mr. Rine does more than by his lectures. But on the platform his influence is great. Where it may chiefly lie it is hard to tell, and possibly it would not be well to speculate on it. His voice is one of the greatest power and compass, and invariably leads to the expectation that it will momentarily give out, but since he engaged in the temperance work, Mr. Rine has used his strength unreservedly for the cause he loves, and as with God's help he assists the drunkard to reform, so by God's help his voice and strength will be preserved till his work is done.

D. I. K. RINE.

ÆOLIAN HARPS.

The cases for these harps may be either extremely simple or elaborately elegant; but for the dwelling we would recommend a pretty pine-wood case, adorned with spray-work, cutting a monogram for each side, with tracery of ferns and sprays, and a border of ivy leaves. Or, making a walnut case, decalcomanie designs may be effectively applied; or white-wood with paintings in India ink and sepia, or oil or water-color, will be charming; while, for outside use, rustic ornaments are most appropriate, and form lovely objects.

The pictures from Egyptian vases and other ancient designs, as mythological characters, figures from books of travel, taken from relics, etc., ancient Grecian, Chinese and Japanese art with borders of curious conventional, vegetable, and animal forms, will form proper embellishments for such cases, which should be made as follows: Measure the breadth of the window, or other position destined for it, and make a pine case to fit it in length, five inches wide, four inches deep, and of quarter-inch stuff. On the extremities of the top glue two pieces of oak wood, about half an inch and a quarter of an inch thick, for bridges, to which the strings are to be fixed; into one of these fix seven pegs, such as are used for piano strings, into the other fasten the same number of small brass pins, and to these fasten one end of the graduated strings, made of catgut, such as are used for guitar and violin strings, and twist the other end round the pegs.

Within the box at each end glue two pieces of beech, or other such wood, about an inch square and the width of the box, on which to rest the sounding-board—a thin board with a hole cut in the centre; place over the top another thin board, supported on four pegs, and about three inches from the sounding-board, to procure a free passage of air over the strings.

Where possible, affix the harp in the window, having another window opposite to it. When exposed to a current of air, and the strings are attuned in unison, with the varying force of the current, the melody changes from soft, low sounds and diatonic scales to wild but delightful and harmonious notes. Hidden in some grotto or shady nook, the effect of its sweet sounds is peculiarly delightful.—*Harper's Bazar.*

ENJOYMENT WITH THE CHILDREN.—If fathers would spare some time from the effort to support their families, from the mere saving and getting of money, and if mothers would make fewer pretty garments, and put up less jelly and fruit, that they might talk, and read, and frolic, and visit, and enjoy with pure enjoyment the children of their delight, they would find some satisfactions now too frequently denied. They would understand the young lives around them better. They would themselves be understood. They and their darlings would be friends.—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

Temperance Department.

DOCTORS AND GROCERS.

LADIES' DRINKING.

The *Record*, speaking of the English medical men's memorial against the Act of Parliament extending to grocers the right to sell intoxicating drinks, says:—

It is now found, on authority that cannot be gainsaid, that the change has done a great injury to the morals of the country. The medical men's memorial on this subject embodied the result of actual observation and experience of a kind which can only fall within the reach of this particular class. It can have arisen from none but the purest and most honorable convictions. As far as the pecuniary interests of the profession are concerned, the grocers' license must have been an advantage; for the increase of intoxication implies the increase of disease, and the increase of disease the increased employment of the profession which deals with it. Medical men are, therefore, acting against their own personal gains, and are but performing a duty they owe to the country and to morality in emphatically calling attention to the great and serious evils connected with the stimulus given to habits of secret drinking by the grocers' license.

This secret drinking is the most fatal form of drunkenness. It does not obtrude itsely upon attention or force its offensive features upon public notice. It is a crime done at home in the privacy of the domestic household. It is, therefore, the more dangerous and is known only by its results. Medical men have found themselves called to notice a large increase of drunkenness on the part of females, and of the concomitant diseases which spring from it. Enquiry has traced it back to the facility of procuring wines and spirits from the grocer. It cannot only be had in this manner in single bottles, but can be had surreptitiously. Servants are thus tempted to procure it, and to have recourse to its fatal stimulus. Nor is this all, for mistresses in small households have been brought under the same temptation. The supply of intoxicants is included in the tradesman's account and is easily concealed from view among its items. Even where the tradesman is scrupulously honest, and refuses to allow his account to be made the conscious instrument of concealment, the evil yet finds a lurking place, for men are not accustomed to scrutinize their tradesmen's accounts, but to pass them in the mass without examining the details. Great temptations have in these various ways been put into the way of the sober, and fatal facilities of concealment afforded to those who are already under the deadly spell of drink. The result is that intoxication has largely increased among women, and the fact is so grave as to demand prompt attention and remedy.

There are many reasons why this habit of secret drinking among women is likely to be peculiarly injurious to the morality and to the health of the country. In the first place, secret drinking, because it is secret, is not restrained by the force of public opinion or the checks of public decency. No one sees it but the parties immediately affected, and it is possible that even the heads of a household may be kept for a considerable time in ignorance of the mischief being enacted under their roof. In the next place, it is likely to run into the line, not of furious and excessive fits of intoxication, or, at all events, not to begin with them, however certainly this may be the fatal end, but rather into the line of constant drinking, the application to the glass for artificial strength and spirits all the day long. In some country districts the habit is known as "boozing." The unhappy victims are seldom or ever so drunk as not to know what they are doing, or be incapable of all action; but on the other hand they are always under the influence of liquor more or less, and are seldom, if ever, wholly free from its consequences. We believe ourselves to be quite correct in saying that of the two habits, that of occasional drunkenness and that of habitual partial intoxication, the latter is much the most injurious. The poison saturates more completely the whole frame and the entire constitution, and leads more certainly to that fatal *delirium tremens* which is the peculiar retribution awarded by an avenging Providence to the drunkard's crime.

But there is a further peculiarity in the drunkenness of women, viz. the more dreadful and hopeless tenacity with which the habit exercises its power over its victims. We do not presume to specify the reason with any confidence, but the peculiarity seems to arise from the greater sensitiveness and delicacy of the female constitution. Once mastered by the love of drink, it is all but powerless to throw it off. Indeed, it is asserted by persons well informed on this subject that there are no instances of drunkard women being restored to habits of sobriety. We trust that the statement is overcharged; but the fact of its being made shows that there must be some ground for it, and some peculiar difficulty in dealing with the female drunkard. All this is very bad; but it is made worse by the position of the women in the household. For the vice of drink is thus brought into the very heart and sacred centre of domestic life. It poisons the home at the fountain head; for if the woman be depraved, what can be expected of the rest? Nor is this all. There is a fatal probability that the habit will grow among the children, and thus react with fearful force on the further increase of the crime already so dreadfully prevalent among the men of this country. There is not a railway bar or refreshment counter in the kingdom which may not utter its significant warning and arouse us to our danger.

Now, if the sale of intoxicants be a provocative cause of this great evil, the sooner it is stopped the better. That it does act in this way we are assured by the large body of medical men of the hightest standing who have signed the memorial to which we have alluded. It is, moreover, probable and natural that it should be so, for all experience shows that the multiplication of the temptation is the multiplication of the vice. Whether the grocers' license be the only provoking cause may perhaps be doubted. We have a strong belief that the medical profession has itself much to answer for in this matter, for alcoholic beverages have been far too freely prescribed to all ages and all classes. But if this grocers' license be a step in the same direction, all should combine to insist that it shall be speedily and decisively retracted.—*The Record.*

ELEVEN DAYS' WORK IN TEN DAYS.

HOW LIVES ARE SHORTENED.

Dr. B. W. Richardson, lecturing in Dublin before a large audience, with the President of the Royal College of Surgeons in the chair, made according to the *League Journal* the following points among others with regard to the taking of alcohol:—

Let them look at the harm that had been done as the second point. In the first place, the whole body had been subjected to an undue strain, which really meant so much more work—for example, taking it at the very lowest mark, supposing that 2½oz. of alcohol had been taken, the full dietetic dose, the strokes of the heart that would follow it within the next twenty-four hours, would be increased at the very lowest 10,000, and therefore, if it were repeated day after day, in ten days there would be 100,000 extra strokes of the heart. Now that was precisely one day's work of the natural heart. Suppose, then, that it was continued for a month, it would give three days' work in a month; and if it was continued for a year, it would give thirty-six days' work extra; and supposing it was continued for a series of years, it would give one year's extra work in ten years. He did not think that they would consider it reasonable that any person should put his heart, and with it his blood vessels to such a strain that in ten years one extra year's work should be done; and if it was continued for sixty years, six years would be taken off that life; but there were scores of thousands of people—he had almost said millions of people—who were putting themselves to this extra work, and to that extent, at all events, shortening their lives, simply by taking that moderate or dietetic dose of stimulants. But when they went further and saw larger doses taken they would see how very easy it was for men to shorten their lives. During all that time, too, the brain and nervous system had been subjected to great over-work, and there was unsteadiness and decrease of muscular action, owing to the fact that there was no equality in the distribution of the forces of the body by which life was maintained. Having illustrated by beautiful diagrams, shown by the magic lantern, the process of digestion in the human body, and how it was impeded by the use of alcohol, the learned lecturer stated that one of the greatest oarsmen and trainers on the Thames had assured him that the secret of his own success and that of his pupils, was the enforcement of total abstinence while training; and the most searching experiments had conclusively proved that more physical as well as mental work could be done by a total abstainer than by a man who used alcohol. The healthful conditions of the prisons both in England and Ireland showed beyond a doubt that the sudden deprivation of the use of alcohol had a most beneficial effect, so that the idea that such a change must be effected by degrees was an erroneous one; and, as if to crown all, in connection with the question of cold, the man who it was proved had got the nearest to the North Pole in the late Arctic Expedition, and who had gone through more hardships than the rest, and borne them more cheerfully, was a man who had not tasted a drop of strong drink during the whole voyage of the expedition. It had also been proved that in hot climates the soldiers who were total abtainers could go through more fatigue and do more work than those who used alcohol. He did not deny that alcohol was a valuable drug, and was most useful for many purposes; but it was a drug, and nothing but a drug, and he hoped soon it would be a drug in the market. He assured them he was no fanatic in this matter. Alcohol was of great service in chemistry, and he was not prepared to say it was not of great service in medicine. But it must be properly prescribed. On these grounds, as a man of science, he had supported temperance, but he found he could do no real service until he had become a total abstainer himself—and he was bourd to say that if all the members of his great and learned profession would follow the same example, and would abstain, these three kingdoms would be sober and far better kingdoms.

A TESTIMONY.

Chas. Watertown, in the Autobiography of a Naturalist, says:—

"The severe attacks of dysentery, and the former indispositions caused by remaining in unwholesome climates, and by exposure to the weather, seem to have made no inroad into my constitution; for although life's index points to sixty-two, I am a stranger to all sexagenarian disabilities, and can mount to the top of a tree with my wonted steadiness and pleasure. As I am confident that I owe this vigorous state of frame to a total abstinence from all strong liquor, I would fain say a parting word or two to my young reader on this important subject. If he is determined to walk through life's chequered path with ease to himself and with sati-faction to those who take an interest in his welfare, he will have every chance in his favor, provided he makes a firm resolution never to run the risk of losing his reason through an act of intemperance, for the preservation of his reason will always insure to him the fulfilment of his resolution, and his resolution will seldom fail to crown his efforts with success. The position of an irrational ass, cropping thistles on the village common, is infinitely more enviable than that of a rational man under the influence of excessive drinking. Instinct teaches the first to avoid the place of danger, whilst intemperance drives the last headlong into the midst of it. To me there is no sight in civilized society more horribly disgusting than that of a human being in a state of intoxication. The good Jesuit who, six and forty years ago, advised me never to allow strong liquors to approach my lips, conferred a greater benefit on me than if he had put the mines of Potosi at my immediate disposal. I might fill a large volume with the account of miseries and deaths which I could distinctly trace to the pernicious practice of inebriety. I have seen manly strength, and female beauty, and old age itself, in ruins under the fatal pressure of this degrading vice. The knave thrives on the follies of the drunkard, and whole families may trace the commencement of their decay to the dire allurements of the public-house."

HEAL THYSELF.

The Rev. Canon Wilberforce, at a meeting of the Scottish Permissive Bill Association, made a speech which is reported as follows in the *League Journal*:—

At the present moment they were called upon to contemplate a battle in the East characterized by more bloody fighting than any war in history. They saw one nation armed with the invader's sword, and they were looking at another nation defending themselves with the utmost gallantry and heroism, and the miserable victims of that war were having their wounds staunched and their sores healed by British hands. Then they had that famine in India, where the poor sufferers were being relieved by British money, British sympathy, and British love. By that course he believed our country was laying by in store for ourselves some of that great blessing in the beatitudes—"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." But those who looked deeper down into the sores of this country could not help feeling that the following sentence was true—"Physician, heal thyself" He believed that he was not exaggerating when he said that the spread of the sin of intemperance in our country was threatening our very existence as a nation. Indeed, in the matter of England's intemperance exaggeration is impossible. No mass of dynamite was ever more surely thrust under the wall of a beleagured city than was this corrupting evil of intemperance, sapping every vital of our nation's power. There were mutterings to be heard of coming storms. Amongst our great wage-earning classes there were signs of great dissatisfaction, pointing that the just equipoise between labor and capital had not been arrived at to the satisfaction of the nation. On all sides troubles were threatening those who earned their bread by their work. Whence did all that danger come? Was England poorer than she was? No. There was money enough in Great Britain for everybody. It was that they had to deal with the hundred and fifty millions of money which had been wasted last year only in intoxicating drink. It was notorious that in estimating the cost to the nation of the liquor traffic they must add another hundred and fifty millions, and that made three hundred millions of money wasted in that which was desolating the country in every direction. Mr. Wilberforce then referred to the misery which that intemperance caused in the homes of the people, and for the overcoming of the evil he was in favor of every remedy. He did not care though they set free all the Circassians, Bashi-Bazouks, and Ziebachs, so long as they ruined it. Besides, the intemperance of which they complained was as rife in the upper classes as amongst the lower classes, and as soon as they took away the attraction then the counter-attraction would draw the other way. He then referred to the various plans that had been proposed to remedy the evil, but the only way to get quit of them was to get quit of the thing itself. And as to trusting to education, the history of the past told them that some of our best and most highly-educated men in this country had been intemperate, and therefore he would not wait till the great evil of intemperance was educated out of the country by the school boards. The great remedy was for every man to cease its use at his own table, and then the goal they were seeking to reach would soon be arrived at. Mr. Wilberforce concluded an earnest and eloquent speech by pointing out the influence of women in this cause, and urging, above all, the influence of Christianity as that which alone could relieve the country of that which was weighing it down.

WHERE DOES THE SIN COMMENCE?—The Right Hon. John Bright, M. P., in an address on temperance, referring to the sin of drunkenness, said: "To drink deeply—to be drunk—is a sin; this is not denied. At what point does the taking of strong drink become a sin? The state in which the body is when not excited by intoxicating drink is its proper and natural state; drunkenness is the state furthest removed from it. The state of drunkenness is a state of sin; at what stage does it become sin? We suppose a man perfectly sober who has not tasted anything which can intoxicate; one glass excites him, and to some extent disturbs the state of sobriety, and so far destroys it; another glass excites him still more; a third fires his eye, heats his blood, loosens his tongue, inflames his passions; a fourth increases all this; a fifth makes him foolish and partially insane; a sixth makes him savage; a seventh or an eighth makes him stupid—a senseless, degraded mass; his reason is quenched, his faculties are for the time destroyed. Every noble and generous and holy principle within him withers, and the image of God is polluted and defiled. This is sin, awful sin; for 'drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God.' But where does the sin begin? At the first glass, at the first step towards complete intoxication, or at the sixth or seventh or eighth? Is not every step from the natural state of the system towards the state of stupid intoxication an advance in sin, and a yielding to the unwearied tempter of the soul? Reader, think of this—think of your own danger; for who is so strong that he may not fall? Think of the millions who lie bound in the chains of this '*foul spirit*,' and ask yourself, Are you doing your duty in discountenancing the cause of so much sin and misery? If you cannot say 'Yes' with a clear conscience, rise superior to foolish and wicked customs, and join your influence and your example to the efforts of those who have declared war against the causes of the sin of drunkenness which will only terminate with their extermination from the surface of the earth."

WHY THE WOUNDED TURKS RECOVER.—The *Daily Telegraph's* special correspondent, writing from "near Adrianople," and speaking of the rapid recovery of the wounded Turks, says of one of them:—The man had led such an abstemious life, never drinking anything but water—a strong fact for our teetotal sympathizers—as a good and conscientious Turk, that, although horribly wounded, there is little or no fever or inflammation, and the wounds appear to be healing rapidly. By the way, I ought to mention, that, were it not for the abstemiousness of the Turks, twice as many of the wounded would die.

—The London Temperance Hospital, established to prove that every kind of disease could be treated without alcohol, and which has been in existence four years, held its annual meeting May 30. The report showed that it had had almost exceptional success as regards the number of its patients and in the results of their treatment.

CHEAP FIRE-PROOF BUILDINGS.

The valuation of the property annually destroyed by fire in the United States may be roughly averaged at one hundred millions of dollars. In addition to this enormous destruction of values, we must bear the cost of fire-protection systems and of insurance. As regards fire-proof construction, there exists no very close relation between the knowledge we have gained from experience and the methods and materials we commonly employ in house-building. That so many buildings popularly considered fire-proof were destroyed in Chicago and Boston, and that in the furnace-breath of those great conflagrations even the most incombustible materials fell in crumbling ruin, can not be accepted as proof that it is useless to seek security from fire.

Before proceeding further, however, it is important to understand what we mean by the term "fire-proof" as applied to buildings. Its literal meaning is perhaps somewhat broader than its meaning in technical usage. A house absolutely indestructible by fire could be built, for we can build metallurgical furnaces which withstand for years temperatures impossible of attainment in the open air; but neither the methods nor the materials of blast-furnace construction are applicable to house-building. We do not seek such a standard of indestructibility even in our most costly experiments in fire-proof construction; and if we did, our dwellings and public buildings would be essentially lacking in adaptation to the uses for which we employ them. Again, we have no materials sufficiently refractory to be considered absolutely fire-proof, which are otherwise available for the uses of the builder. In the intense heat of the Chicago and Boston fires, great blocks of granite and sandstone burst and crumbled, and well-baked bricks were in some instances fused. Given conditions similar to those attending the destruction of most of the well-built warehouses and dwellings consumed in those cities, the architect is powerless to meet them; but in a city in which due attention has been given to fire-proof construction, such conditions can not possibly exist. Now, in fire-proof construction we do not expect to reach the standard of absolute infusibility. All that is necessary or practicable in this country, and at this time, is to so build that a fire beginning in one room or floor shall be confined to the place where it originates; and that, unless it be of exceptional intensity and duration, it shall not seriously impair the strength of the structure, nor necessitate any more extensive repairs than are needed to restore plastering, sashes, window-casings, and door-frames. We must always expect to suffer more or less damage from smoke and water; but this is all we need insure against, provided we have in our house-building systems even an approximation to fire-proof standards. Theory teaches, and experience has shown, that we can go thus far in the direction of fire-proof construction without much, if any, increase in cost. The public do not understand this, and they have, as yet, only a very limited appreciation of incidental advantages and economies resulting from fire-proof construction. If it be within the scope of the architect's opportunities to raise the standard of general excellence in construction, by the judicious employment of such of the materials and methods ready to his hand as will give us practically fire-proof buildings, a conscientious regard for the best interests of his clients should prompt him to do so.

It has often been said that, because of the easy facilities for cheap insurance growing out of the sharp competition of the companies, the public are practically indifferent to the fire risk of unscientific construction. This is true to a limited extent, but, judging from what any one may see of the building practice of the time, we should say that our architects and builders are even more indifferent to fire-proof construction than are the property-owners. Even in the best construction of the day we often see evidences of empiricism, which show that our architects have not in all cases intelligently studied the conditions under which buildings constructed principally of incombustible materials are so frequently destroyed by fire. Distrustful of wood, they turned their attention to iron, and there are to-day thousands of brick, stone, and iron buildings in the country, with iron columns and floor-beams, and brick filling. These are generally supposed to be fire-proof, but when subjected to the fire test they sink in shapeless piles of *débris*. The trouble arises from mistaking incombustibility for indestructibility. Even an inconsiderable flame about an iron post, or under an iron floor-beam, is sufficient to heat it to redness and render it little better than wax to resist the strains upon it. A building may be constructed wholly of incombustible materials, but if its integrity depends upon the stability of unprotected iron members, the heat of its burning contents suffices to bring it down like lead in a ladle. It is for this reason that so few of the buildings in our cities which belong to the so-called fire-proof class, are able to withstand the burning out of a single room well filled with combustible matter. There is no objection, theoretical or practical, to the use of iron in fire-proof construction, but in all cases it should be protected from both heat and water by a non-conducting covering. Plaster of Paris is a cheap and excellent material for this purpose, and its more liberal employment should be encouraged. The slight expansion it undergoes in setting, causes it to adhere to its position very strongly, and when old it is much harder than the mortars and finishing coats commonly employed. The idea of filling the spaces between floors and in walls with an incombustible and non-conducting material was, if we remember rightly, first applied to the fire-proofing of wooden houses by Earl Stanhope, and no better way of building has since been devised. The efficiency of this method of protecting iron has been repeatedly shown in practical and experimental tests, and it has the additional advantage of making wood almost, if not quite, as safe as iron. Floor-timbers laid in plaster or cement are practically incombustible, and so long as we have such materials available for general employment we have only ourselves to blame for the enormous aggregate of our annual losses from fire.

When security from fire is sought in buildings erected with more regard to thorough excellence than to cost, the resources of the builder's art enable the architect to attain the desired result without difficulty. To attain to the standard of measurably fire-proof construction in cheap buildings, to be used as dwellings or warehouses, is quite another thing. To keep the cost within the prescribed limits, the architect must have recourse to very different and much cheaper materials and methods, and must often exercise considerable ingenuity in bringing the work within the somewhat limited range of the intelligence and ability of the average builder. In an article of this kind we can, at most, only offer a few suggestions based upon a somewhat careful observation of, and a limited experience in, fire-proof construction.

Let us suppose that the problem presented to the architect is the fire-proofing of an average brick dwelling or warehouse, the cost of which can not much exceed, if at all, the average for buildings of the same class. The floors, being the weakest points, will first receive attention. These he can make fire-proof, even though he use wooden beams. In itself wood is capable of resisting very considerable degrees of heat without material loss of strength, if protected from the air. Encased in plaster of Paris, cement, or any substance equally non-conductive and incombustible, its strength remains unimpaired even when exposed for a long time to fierce flames. This is even more true of wood than of iron, for reasons well understood. The encasement of the floor-timbers may be accomplished by several methods, but the principle is the same in each case—the complete surrounding of the timbers or beams with a continuous protecting coating, cored to secure lightness, strength, and economy of material. This coating must cover sides, edges, and ends, leaving no unprotected spot. The flooring can be bedded in the top coating of the timbers or beams, and the ceilings can be spread directly on the under side of the cored filling. The flooring should be closely scribed up to the front and side walls, and beams should be supported on ledges and not rest in sockets in party-walls. Floors thus made are light, stiff, strong, and indestructible, provided, of course, the strains have been properly calculated. This, however, will not make a structure fire-proof. As now built, our houses consist of two shells between which is an intricate system of wood-lined flues and air passages. These must be closed. Flooring and lath must be discarded, or else we must coat the wooden members of the frame in such a way as to protect them. The same is true of wood partitions, but it will be found better in most cases to use the cheap partition-blocks to be had in the market. With fire-proof floors, wall, and partitions, the stairs of a dwelling are not commonly dangerous; in warehouses they should be provided with traps or doors. In theatres and public buildings they should, of course, be fire-proof in every part. The flues may be made as provided in any well-devised code of building laws, or with soft burnt-clay pipes set in brick. The roof must be protected with plaster or cement from below, and from above with metal, slate, or other approved fire-proof covering. The service, waste and gas pipes should be carried up in recesses of the side wall, and not through the floors. This principle of construction will not give us absolute indestructibility, but if generally followed it would render great conflagrations impossible, and would protect the individual building from fire within, and from everything but a furnace heat without.—*James C. Bayles, in International Review.*

THE BLUES.

Probably every living thing is more or less subject to depression of spirits—by which we mean to include animals; and we are by no means sure that the malady does not extend to the vegetable kingdom as well.

Is there any earthly cure? Certainly. Plenty of them; just as there are for chills and fever, but in like manner they will not always work. We know one man who walks off an attack, another who rows it off, another who rides it off in the saddle. These are all dyspeptics. The same prescriptions, aided perhaps by lemon juice or dilute nitro-muriatic acid, often prove effective in the case of bilious folk.

When the cause is, as it often is, nervous exhaustion, a good remedy is cessation of all work, religious and secular, plenty of sleep, and, if the constitution can bear it, cold water bathing.

Always an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, for when the attack has once set in it requires a strong effort of the will to take active measures for relief.

It is not an easy task to fight off the blues. Misfortune, sorrow, individual temperament, and even the accidents of wind and weather, often combine to weigh down the soul until, in extreme instances, insanity may be the result. Probably that which comes nearest to being a panacea is occupation, by which is meant anything that will interest the brain or quicken the circulation. Those who suffer most from the blues permit mind and body to relax before the attack is fully developed.

Nevertheless there is no rule which can be trusted to cure everyone. Each must find out what is most effectual in his own case; and if he prays for aid from on high, he must rise up and go right to work helping himself, if he expects his prayer to be answered.—*Christian Union.*

DEATH IN THE BABY'S WAGGON.

Sundry German newspapers have called attention to the danger to the health and even the life of little children in the enamelled cloth (called everywhere in Europe "American cloth") used in upholstering children's carriages. A Geneva physician has summed up and verified these observation as follows: The gray and drab shades of this American cloth, now much in vogue, are due to that very poisonous substance, carbonate of lead. The introduction of this in minute doses, whether through the digestive or through the respiratory organs, may produce in time grave disorders, resulting sometimes even in death. Now numerous cases of lead-poisoning have been observed this season in different parts of Germany, in children that had been in sound health, but who had been accustomed to the use of carriages finished in these light-colored cloths. The central sanitary bureau of the German Empire instituted a scientific inquiry into these facts, which left no doubt as to the cause of them.

The gray enamel examined at Berlin contained 42.7 per cent in weight of metallic lead. A piece of the cloth, burned in a candle, showed little drops of melted lead to the naked eye. The cloth so enamelled may be safe enough when new and fresh, but after a certain amount of wear it becomes hurtful. What with exposure to weather, and to friction and folding, the coat of lead paint by and by begins to come off in particles, which get into the child's food or into his lungs, with the chance of producing the symptoms of lead poisoning. Of course the danger is all the more serious when the carriage is also used as a cradle.

In order to settle the question, a chemist of Geneva analyzed several samples of enamelled cloth, procured from a factory of children's waggons, and found for ever square decimeter of gray cloth, 1 gramme and 348 milligrammes of metallic lead. The brown cloth was found to contain nothing dangerous.—*S. S. Times.*

GLASS CANS FOR SETTING MILK.

H. L. Shields, in the *Country Gentleman* describes glass vessels which he uses to se milk in. He desires to use a can from whice the air may be excluded, and which may b rendered "impervious to all atmospheric influences." His glass jars are 8½ inches in diameter and 17 inches deep. They are made with a wide mouth, into which are fitted air and water-tight corks. He wished to avail himself of a cool cellar, which had so many objections on account of dampness and odors that injured milk when set in open vessels. He places two of these glass cans in a crate resembling a peach crate, for convenience of handling. The milk is strained directly into the jars in an upper room, corked air and water tight, and the jars are then placed bottom side up in a water bath in the cellar; or the crates containing the glass cans may be lowered into the well, and remain till the cream has risen. The milk is drawn off through a small tube in the cork, which is now at the bottom, and the cream is left in the can, and requires no skimming.

A GLASS CHURN.

He makes a glass churn by taking two, four, or six of these glass jars, set upright in a partitioned, rectangular box, resting and revolving on an axle, and set on a light frame, about three feet high. The jars are filled about half-full with cream, the corks put tightly into the mouths of the jars, the lid of the box closed and fastened, and the box is then revolved by a crank at the end of the axle.

This is, in principle, the barrel churn revolving endwise; and, if well balanced, must revolve easily and do the churning well. The glass will be easy to clean and keep sweet. We do not see why this would not work well as a churn; the only objection would seem to be that the churn being in several parts, the butter might not all come at once, and there would be several parts to clean.

This method of setting milk might be tried on the Burnett system: by putting the cork end of the jar down through the bottom of the sink, leaving only four inches of the upper end of the jar above the sink bottom, and applying cold water or ice in the sink to the upper end, so as to keep up a circulation in the milk and cause the cream to rise rapidly. These glass cans may be made so strong as to be little liable to break. They are certainly worthy of being tried.

Mortality of Literary Men.—According to the *Echo*, our new race of literary men are very great simpletons in the matter of health, and are very much unfitted to be—what they aim to be, or what they ought to aim to be—the guides and instructors of the community. It cannot have escaped observation that, within the last few years, a dire mortality has taken place among the most brilliant and promising of our younger race of literary men—if that odious phrase must be employed. Names need not be mentioned—but they will recur to many memories—of men who have been cut off exactly when life was in its meridian, and when their genius, or talent, was in the full prospect of a triumph. Now, in the last century this would have been attributed to debauchery, drinking, and the other idle habits of a dissolute, spendthrift, unscrupulous life. But it is not so in the present day. The evil is that men of excitable, intellectual temperament, belonging to little exclusive clubs, never care for rest, turn their nights into days, revel on strong coffee and stronger tea, and go to bed in the dawn, with a swim of conversation in their heads. It would be safe to say, in respect of some late melancholy cases, that this is the true story of them all. Unnatural lives are led, and the penalty is paid in an early, untimely, disaster-bringing death. Of course it is painful to point a moral of the kind; yet the truth of it will not be denied anywhere, and the multitude of examples cannot possibly be passed by without commiseration. We hear of men writing with wet towels wrapped about their heads, smoking themselves into excitement over their tasks, almost imitating the sad excesses of De Quincey, and doing in the dawn the work they should have done in the evening. But, does no responsibility attach to all this? It may be perfectly innocent, considered by itself; it may be simply the habit of an irritable life; but the younger journalists and dramatists of the day might do well, when they visit a cemetery, to look further afield than the grave of the brother whom they are burying, and whose example—pure from all vice though it may be—they are fatally following.

Reducing the Cost of Washing.—The expense of cleansing the linen of a family is an item which in the course of a year assumes considerable proportions, and in many cases bears heavily upon the income of paterfamilias. Hence any new process which will reduce the cost and produce as good results as the old way, is heartily welcomed by housekeepers. From France, that home of the true *blanchisseur*, comes the good news that the expense of washing may be reduced to an average like this: Five centimes (one cent) for a pair of drawers, two and a half centimes (half cent) for each shirt, and so on. This is the process: One kilo (two pounds) of soap is reduced with a little water to a sort of pap, which having been slightly warmed, is cooled in forty-five litres (ten gallons) of water, to which is added one spoonful of turpentine oil and two spoonfuls of ammonia; then the mixture is agitated. The water is kept at a temperature which may be borne by the hand. In this solution are introduced the white clothes, and they are left there two hours before washing them in soap, taking care in the meantime to cover the tub. The soapy water may be warmed again and be used once more, but it will be necessary to add half a spoonful of ammonia. Once washed in soap, the clothes are put in warm water and the blue is applied. This process, it is obvious, spares much time, much labor and fuel

NOT CLEVER, BUT GOOD.

Was Phœbe so very clever that she was her mother's best messenger to the town when there was an order to fulfil, and when there were eggs or butter or poultry to deliver?

Well, no; there was no particular cleverness about her, but she was careful and observant; she might be trusted to carry messages correctly, and to transact her little business affairs with diligence and honesty.

That was why, at nine years old, her mother had the confidence to entrust her with a basket of choice eggs which had to be conveyed nearly two miles to Mr. Councillor Mullins's, who lived in a very nice house in Bambury.

Tripping along the carriage road that led from her father's homestead to the town, out came Carrie Kemp from a neat little cottage by the roadside, and ran up to her.

"Oh, Phœbe, I'm going to the town; are you?"

"Yes, Carrie, and I've got to mind all the way, mother says."

"Oh, what beautiful large eggs! I'll carry your basket, Phœbe,—all the way, if you like."

"No, no Carrie; I'm so glad you're going with me, but I must carry the eggs myself—for I promised."

"Well, you must keep your word," said Carrie, with a somewhat disappointed look; "but it would be so nice to help you a little."

"It's nice to be company together, isn't it?" replied Phœbe, with a winsome smile. "I know the way does not seem half so long, and the burden not half so heavy in pleasant company."

And so the two friends tripped lightly along, glad of the chance of having a long walk together and an unusually long chat—a very great treat indeed, which they did not often have, though they were near neighbors, for both were industrious girls and useful to their parents.

When near the town, a lady and a little boy, who had been taken a quiet walk in the country, passed them, and walked before them along the road.

For a moment the two girls ceased their merry chat, to admire the lady's beautiful dress and graceful demeanor; but they soon resumed their conversation. The week before they had had the pleasurable enjoyments of a school excursion in loving companionship together, and it was the subject of many delightful remembrances.

In the heat of their talk Phœbe did not forget her charge, and looking well to her steps in a rough place, she saw a glittering ornament on the ground, and picked it up with childlike eagerness to examine it.

"Oh, what is it?" said Carrie Kemp. "How pretty!"

"It's a brooch," replied Phœbe; "I know because it is something like my mother's. But isn't it large and beautiful? I wonder whose it is!"

"I know whose it would be if I had found it," said a smart little girl, who had seen the action of picking up the brooch, and just came up in time to hear Phœbe's speech.

"Why, whose would it be?" innocently asked Phœbe, absorbed in the study of the brilliant setting.

"You little silly!" retorted the girl. "'Finding's having, and having's keeping;' it would be fine to pin on my pink scarf on Sundays—here!—if you don't know what to do with it, I should like it."

"Oh, Phœbe"' said Carrie, "do you think it belongs to the lady we saw?"—and she turned round suddenly to look along the road; but the lady had disappeared, and it was impossible to tell whether she had reached her home, or turned into another street.

"What's the good of looking for anybody.?" said the girl; "it's lost, and will never be missed. Loads of things are lost. It's lucky to find."

"I don't know you," spoke up Phœbe at last; "but I am afraid you are a wicked girl, and would lead me to do wrong. I am going to Mr. Councillor Mullins's with my basket, and I shall ask him about it, and perhaps he can tell how to find the lady."

"Well, if you are so honest," said the little girl, sideling away when the Councillor's name was mentioned, "you'd better give it to Mr. Mullins at once, and that will ease your fine conscience; but won't his pert little girl be fussy with it; though I believe it's all trumpery glitter, and not worth a farthing."

Amazed at the stranger's random parting speech, Phœbe and Carrie stood a moment as if hesitating what to do; but it was not that: they did not hesitate one moment about what was the right thing to do, and recovering their self-possession they proceeded onwards.

Both these little girls had been well taught, and had several times helped each other to do right; now their mutual desire to do so knit them lovingly in counsel on the matter that mutually interested them.

Carrie's errand carried her farther than Phœbe had to go, so she left her companion to deliver her burden, hoping to return in time to have her company home.

Phœbe wondered if it would be wise to consult Mr. Councillor Mullins, and whether he might not think the matter unworthy of his notice. She kept the brooch safely in her hand, when she was ushered into the hall to wait until her basket of eggs was emptied; and she wondered again if she might ask to speak to the Councillor when the servant should bring it. In the midst of her agitation one of the doors of the hall opened and the lady appeared who had passed Phœbe and Carrie on the road.

"Oh, ma'am!" said Phœbe, starting to her feet; but her tongue refused to utter another word, for the Councillor was at her side.

Seeing her evident confusion, the lady, with a kindly little laugh, said,

"Well, little girl, what is it?"

"Oh, please, lady, have you lost this?" holding out her hand with the brooch upon it.

"My brooch!" exclaimed the lady with delight. "Pray where did you get it?"

"I am so glad!" said the child with a great sigh of relief that left the moisture in her eyes; "I found it in the road, and was told it was not worth much. Is it so, lady?"

"Well, I prize it very much both because of its value, and that it was a present from my dear uncle, Mr. Mullins, who, I am sure, will be very pleased that it is found But why did you come to this house?"

Phœbe explained her errand, how she and her companion had noticed the lady that passed them when entering the town, and also her resolution to ask the Councillor's advice.

"I know the child's parents, niece," said Mr. Mullins; "they are very worthy people, and I should have expected a daughter of theirs to behave in this proper manner."

"I am very much delighted," said the lady, "with what you have done, and shall be glad to make the acquaintance of your parents, on whom I will some day call."

Slipping a piece of money into the child's hand, the lady was passing on, when Phœbe exclaimed,

"Oh, ma'am, I cannot take this. My mother will be grieved."

"But you must, my dear; and tell your mother I say it ought to be many times more."

"I would rather not, ma'am; but may I give half of it to Carrie?"

"Who is Carrie?—oh, the little girl that was with you? How is it that neither of you wished to keep my brooch? It is very pretty."

"God would have known all about it, lady. We both know that."

"Well, no!" said the lady, with emotion, after a pause; "do not divide it: give Carrie this, and say I hope to see her also some day."

Phœbe overtook Carrie on the way back, and with light hearts they carried home their bright half-crowns.—*British Juvenile.*

DRAWING LESSON.

Outline Drawing by Mr. Harrison Weir, as a Drawing Lesson for the young.

—*Infants' Magazine.*

NEVER PUT OFF TILL TO-MORROW WHAT CAN BE DONE TO-DAY.

A farmer had occasion to go to a neighboring town. Having accomplished his business, he found that a little leisure remained until he must start for home. So he concluded to step into the office of a lawyer who had the reputation of giving wise counsel. On entering, he found several waiting their turn. The lawyer invited him to be seated. After the rest had gone, he was asked his business. The farmer told him that he had heard of his reputation, and had come in to get some of his good advice.

The lawyer said, "A quarrel with a neighbor perhaps?"

"No," the farmer replied; he never quarrelled with any one.

"About some land, then?"

The farmer replied he had all the land he wanted.

Then the lawyer took a slip of paper, and, after writing therein, folded it and gave it to the farmer, charging half-a-crown. The farmer put it in his pocket and went home. While eating his supper, one of his boys came to him, asking what they should do with the hay. It was in prime order to put into the barn. It was in as good a place as might be in the field. The farmer hesitated. It was Saturday night; the weather was fine, the men had labored hard all the week and gone to rest. He thought of the slip of paper, and drew it out, saying, "I have got some advice here," and read, "Never put off until to-morrow what should be done to-day."

"Call out the men, boys, and girls, and have every load of that hay into the barn before we get into our beds."

They did so. Before Monday morning came, the wind changed, and blew up a heavy rain, washing much of the hay of an adjoining farm into the river running through their fields; what remained was nearly ruined.

The next autumn the farmer took a pair of fat chickens to the lawyer, and did so many successive years, telling him that his advice had saved him hundreds of pounds.

If promptness in attending to the affairs of time and sense, which are passing away with the using of them, will bring much gain, of how much more infinite importance is it that we should attend at once, without one moment's delay, to the salvation of the soul, which is of infinite value, beyond estimation, that part which lives forever! The present is the only moment we are sure of. "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."—*Friendly Visitor.*

FOR THE LITTLE BOYS.

GRANDPA'S STORY.

"When I about five years old," said Grandpa H., "my father left our pleasant home in Massachusetts, and made a home for us in the wilds of Canada. We lived in a log-house, and it was surrounded, on all sides, by the forest.

"One pleasant, summer day, when I was nearly ten years old, my mother wished to send a message to my uncle William, who lived over a mile distant from my father's; and as the men were very busy, she told me I might go, and stay with my cousin until two o'clock. So I made haste to be ready, and kissing mother 'good bye,' set out. There was over half a mile of woods to pass through, but the way was perfectly familiar, and I soon reached my uncle's house.

"Sammy was delighted to see me, and we had a grand time. At the appointed time, I started for home. When about half way through the wood, what should I see but a great, black bear, sitting in the road directly in front of me! I knew it was a bear, for father and uncle William had killed one the year before, and I had thoroughly examined every limb and feature.

"I felt very weak, you may be sure, and my limbs trembled so much, I thought I was going to fall; but just then I remembered what mother and I had read in the Bible, about the Lord delivering David 'from the paw of the bear,' and I knelt right down there, the bear growling all the time, and asked the Lord to take care of me, as He did of David, so that I might again see my mother.

"It seemed, that minute, as if God came close beside me, and then I wasn't a bit afraid, for I *knew* He would take care of me. I sprang up, waved my hat, and shouted as loud as I could. The bear stopped growling, and ran off into the woods, and I ran for home.

"When I told mother, she caught me in her arms and cried, and I could hear her whisper, 'Thank God, thank God!'

"Father and his men, with their guns and hatchets, went in search of Bruin, and before sundown returned, bringing with them one of the largest bears seen in that part of the country."—*Zion's Herald.*

The Family Circle.

KATIE'S TREASURES.

BY LYNDE PALMER.

In the soft October sunshine,
'Neath the forest's golden eaves,
Roamed a merry band of maidens,
In a crimson rain of leaves.
And 'mid ringing bursts of laughter,
Fluttering through the misty air,
All their young hearts' cherished treasures
Each with other did compare.

"I dwell in a lordly mansion,"
Cried a pair of scarlet lips.
"In the carpets' tufted roses,
Deep my lightest footfall dips.
Oh! the curtains and the pictures!
But more beautiful than all,
You should see the western sunlight
Creep along the painted wall."

"Listen," quickly cried another,
"Listen, now, I pray, to me;
Years ago, there was a necklace
Borne across the deep blue sea;
In its velvet-cushioned casket,
Stars could not so brightly shine.
But this chain of prisoned rainbows
By-and-by will all be mine."

"I have not such wondrous jewels,"
Proudly spoke another voice,
"But I'd rather have my father,
If I had to take my choice.
He has grown so very famous—
People almost kiss his hand,
And in time, I'm very certain,
He'll be ruler of the land."

Thus ran on the eager voices,
As they gayly had begun,
Till some tale of wondrous treasure,
Every child had told, save *one*.
"She will not have much to tell us,"
Whispered they, "poor little thing!"
But with smiles said blue-eyed Katie,
"I'm the daughter of a King!"

Then they laughed: "O princess, tell us
Where the king, your father, dwells;
Do your mighty palace portals
Swing at touch of golden bells?"
Meekly answered gentle Katie,
Pushing back a floating curl,
"All the shining wall is golden
Every gate a single pearl.

"And more glorious than the sunrise
Through the purple morning mist,
Brightly glow the brave foundations,
Jasper, sapphire, amethyst.
And within—such wondrous treasures!
Oh, what happiness to see!
But when home my Father calls me,
He will give them all to me."

Then the little maids grew thoughtful,
And they looked with tender eyes
On the sweet-faced little Katie,
Gazing upward to the skies.
And they said, "O happy princess!
List'ning for the Great King's call,
You have found the greatest treasure,
You are richest of us all."

—*Christian Weekly.*

ROLF'S LEAP.

"You've got fine red cheeks, boys," said Uncle Dick, "and two pairs of sturdy legs. Rolf and I would like to be able to jump about like you,—but our jumping days are over. Not but that Rolf took a finer leap once than either of you lads have ever done yet," said Uncle Dick, after a moment or two, and stooped down to pat his favorite's great head. "A noble leap, wasn't it, my old dog?" he said; and Rolf looked up with his gentle eyes, and, being too sleepy to say much, but yet, no doubt, understanding the question quite well, just gave a little assenting flap with his tail.

The boys had sat down to rest; and so Will said, "Tell us what sort of a leap Rolf took, Uncle Dick."

"We were both of us younger than we are now," he said, "when Rolf and I first came together. Rolf was a puppy for his part and I rather think I was a puppy too. At any rate, I had fifteen fewer years upon my shoulders than I have to-day, and fifteen years' less wisdom. It was just when I was going out to Africa that some one gave Rolf to me. 'He comes of a fine stock, and if he proves as good a dog as his father, you won't part with him at the end of a year for a trifle,' my friend said; and I soon found that he was right, for I tell you, boys, by the year's end I wouldn't have parted with him, not if I had parted with my last shilling, and I'd been asked to sell him for a thousand pounds. I'd sooner have sold myself, if I must have sold one or the other of us.

"I went out with my regiment to Africa, to the Cape of Good Hope, and before I had been there for six months I fell ill with fever, and had it so badly that I thought—and others besides me thought, too—that I should never see old England again; and I don't believe I ever should if I hadn't had the kindest black servant to nurse me,—the best nurse a man ever had—and this poor old fellow here to help to keep up my spirits, and to show me that, at any rate, there was one creature in the world who couldn't afford to let me die. Night or day he never left my room. They couldn't get the faithful beast away. I knew little enough about his being near me, part of the time, but that made no difference to him; he stuck by me all the same, and when I began to get better, and to know him and notice him again—well," said Uncle Dick, abruptly, "I think it was a thing to touch a man's heart if he had any heart in him. Upon my word, boys, I didn't believe there had been anything alive that would be so glad to see me living as Rolf was. When he threw himself upon me the first time I called him by his name and held out my hand to him, you would think me an old fool if I were to tell you what the sight of his joy made me do. I was very weak, remember; I was just as weak at that time as a child, you know.

"Well, I got all right again after a while; and let me tell you, in passing, that, after this one illness, I never had better health in my life than during the rest of the time I spent in Africa. We weren't very hard worked out there, and many a pleasant expedition did I have of a few days up country or along the coast, sometimes with a companion, sometimes alone, with only my horse and old Rolf. I shall never forget some of those little excursions. I shall never, at any rate, forget one of them, for it was in the course of one of them that Rolf took his leap.

"I had been riding for five or six miles one pleasant afternoon. It wasn't very hot, but it was just hot enough to make the thought of a swim delicious; so after I had been riding leisurely along for some little time, shooting a bird or two as I went—for I wanted some bright feathers to send home to a little cousin that I had in England,—I alighted from my horse, and, letting him loose to graze, lay down for a quarter of an hour to cool myself, and then began to make ready for my plunge.

"I was standing on a little ledge of cliff, some six or seven feet above the sea. It was high tide, and the water at my feet was about a fathom deep. 'I shall have a delightful swim,' I thought to myself, as I threw off my coat; and as just at that moment Rolf in a very excited way flung himself upon me, evidently understanding the meaning of the proceeding, and, as I thought, anxious to show his sympathy with it, I repeated the remark aloud. 'Yes, we'll have a delightful swim, you and I together,' I said. 'A grand swim, my old lad;' and I clapped his back as I spoke, and encouraged him, as I was in the habit of doing, to express his feelings without reserve. But, rather to my surprise, instead of wagging his tail, and wrinkling his nose, and performing any of his usual antics, the creature only lifted up his face and began to whine. He had lain, for the quarter of an hour while I had been resting, at the edge of the little cliff, with his head dropped over it; but whether he had been taking a sleep in that position, or had been amusing himself by watching the waves, was more than I knew.

"'What's the matter, old fellow?' I said to him, when he set up this dismal howl. 'Don't you want to have a swim? Well, you needn't unless you like, only I mean to have one; so down with you, and let me get my clothes off.' But, instead of getting down, the creature began to conduct himself in the most incomprehensible way, first seizing me by the trousers with his teeth, and pulling me to the edge of the rock, as if he wanted me to plunge in dressed as I was; then catching me again and dragging me back, much as though I was a big rat that he was trying to worry; and this pantomime, I declare, he went through three separate times, barking and whining all the while, till I began to think he was going out of his mind.

"Well, God forgive me! but at last I got into a passion with the beast. I couldn't conceive what he meant. For two or three minutes I tried to pacify him, and as long as I took no more steps to get my clothes off he was willing to be pacified; but the instant I fell to undressing myself again he was on me once more, pulling me this way and that, hanging on my arms, slobbering over me, howling with his mouth up in the air. And so at last I lost my temper, and I snatched up my gun and struck him with the butt-end of it. My poor Rolf!" said Uncle Dick, all at once, with a falter in his voice; and he stopped abruptly, and stooped down and laid his hand on the great black head.

'He was quieter after I had struck him,' said Uncle Dick, after a little pause. "For a few moments he lay quite still at my feet, and I had begun to think that his crazy fit was over, and that he was going to give me no more trouble, when all at once, just as I had got ready to jump into the water, the creature sprang to his feet and flung himself upon me again He threw himself with all his might upon my breast and drove me backwards, howling so wildly that many a time since, boys, I have thought I must have been no better than a blind, perverse fool, not to have guessed what the trouble was; but the fact is I was a conceited young fellow (as most young fellows are), and because I imagined the poor beast was trying for some reason of his own to get his own way, I thought it was my business to teach him that he was not to get his own way, but that I was to get mine; and so I beat him down somehow—I don't like to think of it now; I struck him again three or four times with the end of my gun, till at last I got myself freed from him.

"He gave a cry when he fell back. I call it a cry, for it was more like something human than a dog's howl,—something so wild and pathetic that, angry as I was, it startled me, and I almost think, if time enough had been given me, I would have made some last attempt then to understand what the creature meant; but I had no time after that. I was standing a few feet from the water, and as soon as I had shaken him off he went to the edge of the cliff, and stood there for a moment till I came up to him, and then—just as in another second I should have jumped into the sea—my brave dog, my noble dog, gave one last whine and one look into my face, and took the leap before me. And then, boys, in another instant I saw what he had meant. He had scarcely touched the water when I saw a crocodile slip like lightning from a sunny ledge of the cliff, and gripe him by the hinder legs.

"You know that I had my gun close at hand, and in the whole course of my life I never was so glad to have my gun beside me. It was loaded, too, and a revolver. I caught it up, and fired into the water. I fired three times, and two of the shots went into the brute's head. One missed him, and the first seemed not to harm him much, but the third hit him in some vital place, I hope,—some sensitive place, at any rate, for the hideous jaws started wide. Then, with my gun in my hand still, I began with all my might to shout out, 'Rolf!' I couldn't leave my post, for the brute, though he had let Rolf go, and had dived for a moment, might make another spring, and I didn't dare to take my eyes off the spot where he had gone down; but I called to my wounded beast with all my might, and when he had struggled through the water and gained a moment's hold upon the rock, I jumped down and caught him, and somehow—I don't know how—half carried and half dragged him up the little bit of steep ascent, till we were safe on top,—on the dry land again. And then,—upon my word, I don't know what I did next, only I think, as I looked at my darling's poor crushed limbs, with the blood oozing from them, and heard his choking gasps for breath—I—I forgot for a moment or two that I was a man at all, and burst out crying like a child.

"Boys, you don't know what it is to feel that a living creature has tried to give up his life for you, even though the creature is only a soulless dog. Do you think I had another friend in the world who would have done what Rolf had done for me? If I had I did not know it. And then when I thought that it was while he had been trying to save my life that I had taken up my gun and struck him! There are some things, my lads, that a man does without meaning any harm by them, which yet, when he sees them by the light of after events, he can never bear to look back upon without a sort of agony; and those blows I gave to Rolf are of that sort. He forgave them,—my noble dog; but I have never forgiven myself for them to this hour. When I saw him lying before me, with his blood trickling out upon the sand, I think I would have given my right hand to save his life. And well I might too, for he had done ten times more than that to save mine.

"When I had come to my senses a little, I had to try to get my poor Rolf moved. We were a long way from any house, and the creature couldn't walk a step. I tore up my shirt, and bound his wounds as well as I could, and then I got my clothes on, and called to my horse, and in some way, as gently as I could,—though it was no easy thing to do it,—I got him and myself together upon the horse's back and we began our ride. There was a village about four or five miles off, and I made for that. It was a long, hard jolt for a poor fellow with both his hind-legs broken, but he bore it as patiently as if he had been a Christian. I never spoke to him but, panting as he was, he was ready to lick my hands and look lovingly up into my face. I've wondered since, many a time, what he could have thought about it all; the only thing I am sure of is that he never thought much of the thing that he himself had done. That seemed, I know, all natural and simple to him; I don't believe that he has ever understood to this day what anybody wondered at in it, or made a hero of him for. For the noblest people are the people who are noble without knowing it; and the same rule, I fancy, holds good, too, for dogs.

"I got him into a resting-place at last, after a weary ride, and then I had his wounds dressed; but it was weeks before he could stand upon his feet again, and when at last he began to walk he limped, and he has gone on limping ever since. The bone of one leg was so crushed that it couldn't be set properly, and so that limb is shorter than the other three. He doesn't mind it much, I daresay—I don't think he ever did,—but it has been a pathetic lameness to me, boys. It's all an old story now, you know," said Uncle Dick, abruptly, "but it's one of those things that a man doesn't forget, and that it would be a shame to him if he ever could forget as long as his life lasts."

Uncle Dick stooped down again as he ceased to speak, and Rolf, disturbed by the silence, raised his head to look about him. Uncle Dick laid his hand upon it, and the bushy tail began to wag. It had wagged at the touch of that hand for many a long day.

"We've been together for fifteen years. He's getting old now," said Uncle Dick.—*Georgiana M. Craik, in Our Young Folks.*

THE QUAKER CITY.

A STORY OF BETTER DAYS.

"I am very sorry to have it to say, gentlemen, but the truth might as well come out at first as at last."

So said Mr. Browning to a number of merchants who were assembled in the counting-room of Woods Bros. & Co. in the Quaker City some forty years ago.

The speaker was a merchant from Kentucky. He was a little past the prime of life, and gray hairs were sprinkled through his heavy black locks. There was no little dejection in his mien, yet underneath there was an air of unconquerable determination; something that we feel but cannot describe; an inarticulate language of the soul.

"You see," he continued, "there has been a panic in all our business circles. Some of my customers have become bankrupt. Men whose names a year ago would have been considered good for $50,000 are to-day worth nothing. Others, I am ashamed to say, have smuggled away their property so that I cannot reach it. Hence I occupy the extremely mortifying position of a man who cannot pay his just debts. You, as brother merchants, can perhaps appreciate my condition. I have maintained a merchant's honor for the past twenty-five years; but now—" His voice faltered, and a tear rose to his eye. One of the gentlemen present felt that his own eyes were becoming strangely dimmed. He too had passed through a similar crisis.

After a momentary pause the speaker resumed.

"I see only two courses open before me; either to give up business and sink down into hopeless bankruptcy, or else to ask you to trust me with a stock of goods on credit, assuring you that I will use my utmost endeavors to make up my losses and pay off all my obligations. I throw out this last alternative merely as a suggestion. I cannot ask it as a favor to myself individually, but it would be a great satisfaction to have an opportunity of making a manly effort to pay you, you who have always dealt so kindly and so honorably with me. That you may consult together without embarrassment, I will withdraw, and you can communicate the result of your deliberations this evening."

So saying, he took up his hat to go out.

"No! no! stay! don't go!" cried several voices, the loudest of all proceeding from the gentleman before mentioned, who now became spokesman.

"Mr. Browning, none of us are above the reach of adversity. We have long known you as a just and honorable merchant. My own faith in you is undiminished. Come to my business house and select what goods you need in my line, and give me your acceptance at four or six months, as hitherto. If you can't meet it in full when it falls due, pay what you can, and I will give you a renewal on the balance."

And all the rest said likewise. Mr. Browning shook them every one by the hand, and said: "Gentlemen, by the blessing of God on my efforts, you shall never repent your confidence in me."

Five years later.

A man of twenty-five years is sitting in the counting-room of the good creditor in the old Quaker City. Beside him there lies on the floor a pair of old-fashioned saddle-bags.

"We always believed Mr. Browning to be a high-toned Christian gentleman, and we are

glad more for his sake than our own that he has been successful in business. Here is my receipt in full. I suppose you have now liquidated the entire amount of his indebtedness out of that cap of Fortunatus," pointing with a smile to the old saddle-bags.

"The use of the saddle-bags," said Mr. Hall, "is a whim of Mr. Browning's. He said he had often transported specie over the mountains in them in the early times when he rode on horseback from Kentucky to Philadelphia, and he wanted them to partake of his honor in paying off his debts here. They have not quite finished their mission. One creditor is left yet, a Mr. Wm. S. Jones, whom I have been unable to find. He quit corresponding with Mr. Browning about eighteen months ago. My impression is that at that time he was in somewhat straitened circumstances."

"Ah! yes, Wm. S. Jones. He died a year and a half since. I remember now. I never knew him well, but my recollection is that his estate was nearly if not quite overwhelmed by a succession of disasters."

"Where can I find his widow?" The merchant arose and went to a pile of books on the mantel.

"Ah! yes, here it is," said he blowing off a trace of anthracite ashes. "I was looking for an old directory. Jones—Jones H.—Jones L.—Jones, Wm. S., Residence, 648 Walnut street. You might enquire there."

A ring of the doorbell at 648 Walnut street, is answered by an Irish servant-girl, who looks askance at the saddle-bags on Mr. Hall's arm. "Indade there's no Mrs. Jones lives here. This is Mr. Ashhurst's."

"Then say to Mrs. Ashhurst, that a gentleman wishes to see her a moment on urgent business."

The lady said in answer to Mr. Hall's enquiries, "We have been residing in this house for a little more than a year. I never knew Mrs. Jones, but I found this card here," taking one from an ornamental rack. "It may furnish you the information you desire."

It was written in a delicate, feminine hand, and read thus:

"If any one should call to enquire after me, please say that I have removed, with my children, to Mr. Samuel White's, ten miles from the city, on the old Lancaster road.

"MARY JONES."

Again, however, he was doomed to disappointment. He found that Mrs. Jones had returned to the city three months before, and was living on Sixth street above Arch; the number was forgotten.

Back to the city again then. After going from door to door on both sides of Sixth street, he was standing on the corner of Arch and Sixth streets, perplexed and discouraged.

An old Quaker gentleman passed by and, stopping, said kindly,

"Friend, thee seems to be in trouble. Can I help thee anyway?"

"I hope so, good sir. I am looking for a Mrs. Wm. S. Jones who has returned from the country and is now living, as I am informed, somewhere on Sixth street above Arch. I am the bearer of pleasant tidings to her if she can only be found."

"God has sent me to thee, friend. Come, I will show thee her dwelling. It is above Vine."

On the way Mr. Hall learned that Mrs. Jones was in great destitution, and was sinking gradually into consumption. The old Quaker had evidently been a friend in need, but he parried all questions relative to his good offices.

At length they stopped at a squalid tenement-house three stories high.

"Third floor, No. 26," said the Quaker, pointing up the narrow flight of steps. "My home is 321 Arch street." And he turned off gravely, leaving Mr. Hall at the open doorway.

A gentle tap at No. 26 was answered by a faint "Come in!" He entered, and found a pale woman reclining on a lounge. Three little children were at play on the floor. Their clothes were old, but neatly patched. The meagre furniture of the apartment was scrupulously clean, and the clearness of the window-panes contrasted strongly with the dinginess of all the other windows in the house. She pointed him to a chair.

"This is Mrs. Wm. S. Jones, I believe?"

"Yes, sir: my name is Mary Jones, and I am the widow of Wm. S. Jones, formerly a merchant of this city. May I ask the nature of your business with me?"

"I represent Mr. Browning, of ———, Kentucky. There is an unsettled matter of business between him and your husband's estate."

She gave him a look of anguish.

"If you have come to collect any debts from my poor husband's estate, let me tell you, sir, that one ten-dollar bill is all that stands between me, my little children, and starvation."

"Far from it, madam. Mr. Browning owed your husband six hundred dollars five years ago. Your husband was indulgent and furnished him goods to recommence business on. Mr. Browning has promptly paid already for all the goods purchased since his embarrassment, but he now sends the money by me to pay off his old debts. All the creditors have been paid except yourself. The original debt was six hundred dollars. The interest for five years at six per cent. is one hundred and eighty dollars more. See if this is correct."

Then, taking the old saddle-bags from the floor, he counted out seventy-eight gold eagles on the table beside her.

For a moment she seemed in a maze. Then, with clasped hands and eyes upturned to heaven, she sat in silent prayer. That little chamber became indeed a Mount of Transfiguration, and the Master, though not present bodily, was there in spirit.

The stranger would not intrude upon her high and holy communion with the Comforter. So he stole quietly out of the room and left her alone with God.

The best part of this story of the Quaker City is that, except a thin veil of fiction, it is true. The underlying facts have been derived from Mr. Hall, who still lives.—*Ill. Chris. Weekly.*

FAMOUS AUTOMATA.

No automaton or deception ever had such a success as the automaton chess-player, which for more than half a century astonished and delighted the whole of Europe. The chess-player was constructed in 1769 by Van Kempelen, a gentleman of Presburg in Hungary. It was exhibited to thousands in Presburg, Vienna, and Paris, immediately after its completion. In 1783-'84 it was exhibited in London and other parts of England. After this it seems to have fallen out of repair. In 1819 Maelzel, the mechanician, overhauled it, and exhibited it in Great Britain in that and the following year, where "it excited," says Sir David Brewster, "as intense an interest as when it was first produced in Germany." The chess-player was a life-sized figure, clothed in a Turkish dress, and seated behind a large chest or box—somewhat resembling a library-desk—three and a half feet long, two feet deep, and two and a half feet high. The machine ran on castors. The chess-player sat on a chair fixed to the square chest; his right arm rested on the table, and in the left he held a pipe, which was removed during the game, as it was with that hand that he made the moves. A chess-board, eighteen inches square and bearing the usual number of pieces, was placed before the figure. The exhibitor then unlocked four doors, two in the back of the chest, and held a lighted candle at the opening by which to exhibit the machinery, which consisted of levers, wheels, cylinders, and pinions. The figure was also examined, and out of a drawer at the bottom and front of the chest a small box of counters, a set of chessmen, and a cushion for the automaton's arm, were taken. All the doors and drawers were then closed and locked—the spectators having satisfied themselves that there was no place for a concealed person—the exhibitor busied himself in adjusting the mechanism from behind the chest, removed the pipe from the figure's hand, and wound up the machinery. The automaton was then ready for play, which began as soon as an opponent was found in the audience. The automaton took the first move in all cases. "At every move made by the automaton the wheels of the machine are heard in action; the figure moves its head, and seems to look over every part of the chess-board. When it gives check to its opponent it shakes its head thrice, and only twice when it checks the queen. It likewise shakes its head when a false move is made, replaces its adversary's piece on the square from which it was taken, and takes the next move itself. In general, though not always, the automaton wins the game. During the progress of the game the exhibitor stands near the machine, and winds it up like a clock after it has made ten or twelve moves. At other times he went to a corner of the room, as if to consult a small, square box which stood open for this purpose."

Psycho, the whist-player, has not improved much upon the automaton chess-player invented more than a hundred years ago. Van Kempelen never pretended that the automaton really played the game. On the other hand, he distinctly said that the effects of the machine "appeared so marvellous only from the boldness of the conception, and the fortunate choice of the methods adopted for illusion." There is now little doubt that a person was contained in the chest who really played the game of chess, and that the ostentatious exhibition of the machinery was simply to throw the spectator off his guard.

We have no space to describe Babbage's calculating-machine and Jeven's logical machine; but, before leaving this entertaining subject, it may not be inappropriate to add that automatic constructions are not as useless as they seem. As Sir David Brewster well says: "The elements of the tumbling puppets were revived in the chronometer, and the shapeless wheel which directed the hand of the drawing automaton now serves to guide the movements of the tamboring-engine. Those mechanical wonders which in one century enriched only the conjurer who used them contributed in another to augment the wealth of the nation; and those automatic toys which once amused the vulgar are now employed in extending the power and promoting the civilization of our species."—*From Appleton's Journal for September.*

THE STORY OF A WONDERFUL DIAMOND.

The Koh-i-noor, or Mountain of Light, is stated by the Hindoos to have been discovered in the mines of Golconda more than three thousand years ago, and to have been originally in the possession of Kama, King of Auga. Another version states that it was stolen from one of the kings of Golconda by a treacherous general named Mininrola, and presented by him to the Great Mogul, Shah Jehan, the father of Aurungzebe, about the year 1640. It was then rough and uncut, and about twice its present size; but Shah Jehan gave it to a diamond-worker, who cut it so badly that he wasted half of it, and did not display its lustre to good advantage. The Mogul—who was in a justifiable rage—instead of paying the jeweller for his work, fined him ten thousand ducats. About two hundred years ago, Tavernier, the French traveller, saw the Koh-i-noor in India, and described the admiration and amazement it always excited. From that time until it came into the possession of the Khan of Cabul, at the commencement of the present century, the Koh-i-noor changed hands very often. Runjeet Singh obtained it from the Khan in a mean and abominable way. He had heard that the Khan of Cabul had the finest and purest diamond ever seen, and he determined to possess it. The Khan was invited by the intending thief; he arrived at the court of his host with—not the diamond, but a clever imitation. Once in Runjeet Singh's power, that despot immediately demanded the gem. It was reluctantly given up, and sent to the court jewellers to be cut. Runjeet Singh soon received intelligence that the stone was comparatively worthless. He was so enraged at this that he ordered the Khan's palace to be ransacked from top to bottom, to find the missing treasure. At last a slave betrayed his master, and showed the diamond lying under a heap of ashes. Runjeet carried it off in triumph, and subsequently decked himself, and occasionally his horse, with its splendid brilliancy. When he died, the gem passed into the hands of his successors; and in 1850, when we conquered the Punjaub, the Koh-i-noor was among the spoil. It was brought to England in the "Medea," and presented to Her Majesty the Queen by the East India Company. The Koh-i-noor was pronounced to be badly cut, and the court jeweller entrusted it to Messrs. Coster, of Amsterdam, to re-cut—a work that occupied the labors of thirty-eight days, of twelve hours each. The late Duke of Wellington became an amateur diamond-cutter for this memorable occasion, and gave the first touch to the work. The wonderful stone was exhibited, re-cut, in 1862, and a model of it may be seen in the British Museum.—*From "The World of Wonders" for September.*

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

Many parents allow themselves to be dishonored by economizing in their own dress so as to dress their children richly; and their children, taking it all as a matter of course, find it comfortable to believe that their parents have no taste and no desire to look anything but "shabby."

"As the mothers are usually older than their daughters, the fault lies with them," I mentally soliloquized, on meeting a young lady and her mother calling together,—the daughter a picture of newness, the mother in faded attire, wearing Kate's cast-off necktie, and gloves too old to bear mending.

Kate's engaging manners, and pretty use of her delicately gloved hands were in sharp contrast to her mother's wavering attention, as she nervously tried to conceal the holes in the palms of her own ash-tinted black kids.

To deprive themselves of necessary adornment for the sake of over-dressing their children, appears to some parents laudable self-denial. They do not consider that they are merely fostering their own pride, and developing in their children a spirit, vain, selfish and disrespectful.

If but a part of the time and money spent by young ladies upon their own toilets were devoted to their parents, a decided improvement would immediately be seen in the dress of both parties.

Girls sometimes think that a companion in poor and ill-fitting raiment is a good background for their own tasteful outfit, being apparently blind to the fact that many and many are the mothers whose patient self-denial is strongly brought out by the vanity and selfishness of their daughters.

It may be claimed that young folks go out oftener than their parents, are noticed more, and generally expected to be better dressed; but we believe that niceness and propriety in dress are a necessity to old people, for which the vivacity and coloring of youth fully make amends. For the sake, then, of their own dignity, and the respect of their children, parents should insist upon their right to claim superiority in dress; let them divide the allowance for dress as evenly as possible, but if there must be a deficiency, let it not appear in the dress of the parents.

A few evenings ago I chanced to overhear the conversation of two young girls at an evening gathering, as they unconsciously revealed themselves.

"How nice your mother looks!" said Ellen.

"So she does; but I was just thinking how nice yours looks," replied Janet.

"I crimped her hair and made her cap, so I hadn't much time to spend on myself. How do I look?"

"Beautifully," answered Janet; "but I think your mother and mine are the belles of the evening; I love to look at them."

And as the girls' loving eyes watched the two old ladies as they crossed the room together, I felt a glow in my heart, and determined to write down the incident in my "glad remembers."—*Advocate and Guardian.*

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

XXVIII.

The prophet who "loved the wages of unrighteousness."
The native land of Ishmael's wife.
The man who would not part with the inheritance of his fathers.
The tenth part of an ephah.
The city to which Barnabas went to seek Saul.
The number of years that Moses sojourned in Midian.
The saint who, "being dead, yet speaketh."
The medium of communication between Joseph and his brethren.
St. Paul's "own son in the faith."
The father of King Manasseh.
Isaac's brother-in-law.
The prophet visited on his death-bed by King Joash.
The city where Omri was buried.
The Benjamite who cursed David.

These *initials* make a charge of our Saviour to His disciples.

XXIX.

Whose faith and courage saved her people's life?
Who won a battle trusting in the Lord?
Who gained a sharp rebuke for jealous strife?
Who perished by a traitor's cruel sword?
Who checked his rage to prove a prophet's word?

The *initial* letters take—they form his name
Who did his foe's unwilling praise proclaim;
Then take the *finals*, and they give the same.

XXX.

1. A type of our Lord; one who entered the land of Egypt, and the house of bondage, and there saved his people.
2. One who preferred a present and temporal benefit, to that which was future and eternal, and repented, when too late.
3. The name of a King of Israel; also of one who, from a persecutor, became an apostle.
4. One who put out a rash hand, unauthorized by God, to steady the ark, which he thought to be in danger, and received not praise, but punishment from God.
5. The name of that church of whose angel (or bishop) was said, "Thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead."

The *first* letters of these make up the sweetest human name in the world.

"It makes the wounded spirit whole
It calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest."

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand forever.

ISA. 40: 8.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1877, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

LESSON XXI.

NOVEMBER 18.]

ALMOST PERSUADED. [About 60 A. D.]

READ Acts xxvi. 21-29. RECITE vs. 25-29.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—Acts xxi. 26-40. *T.*—Luke xxiv. 25-48. *W.*—1 Cor. i. 17-31. *Th.*—Mark x. 17-34. *F.*—Rev. iii. 10-22. *Sa.*—Phil. iii. 4-21. *S.*—Acts xxvi. 21-29.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Then Agrippa said unto Paul, Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.—Acts xxvi. 28.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—The almost persuaded are yet unsaved.

NOTES.—*The proph'-ets and Mo'-ses* the Old Testament Scriptures; called also "the prophets and the law," Matt. xi. 13; and "the law, the prophets, and the Psalms," Luke xxiv. 44.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) PAUL WITNESSING FOR CHRIST. (II.) FESTUS OBJECTING. (III.) AGRIPPA NOT PERSUADED.

I. PAUL WITNESSING FOR CHRIST. (21.) THESE CAUSES, because he preached salvation through Christ; WENT ABOUT, endeavored. See Acts xxi. 30, 31. (22.) CONTINUE, to stand firm; TO SMALL, poor and obscure; GREAT, those learned, wealthy, and high in office, as the Grecian philosophers. Acts xvii. 28; the Sanhedrim, xxiii. 1; Felix, Festus, now Agrippa, and afterward perhaps Nero. (23.) CHRIST, the Messiah; SHOULD SUFFER, "was liable to suffering" *(Alford)*: Isa. liii. 14; liii.; Luke xxiv. 46; FIRST . . . FROM THE DEAD, 1 Cor. xv. 20; Col. i. 18; Rev. i. 5; THE PEOPLE, the chosen people, Jews.

I. QUESTIONS.—What had the Jews sought to do to Paul? Why? By whose help had he persevered? To whom had he preached? Mention some of the "great" ones. Proving what from the Old Testament? Repeat some of the passages foretelling that the Messiah would suffer. With what benefit to men?

II. FESTUS OBJECTING. (24.) BESIDE THYSELF, insane, deranged; MUCH LEARNING, thy much learning, or, as some render it, "those many writings," compare 2 Tim. iv. 13; MAD, leading you to madness. (25.) MOST NOBLE, excellent or honorable, a usual title of Roman governors, compare xxiv. 3; SOBERNESS, sanity as opposed to madness, compare 2 Cor. v. 13. (26.) ARE HIDDEN FROM, unknown to; THESE THINGS, the crucifixion and subsequent events; NOT DONE IN A CORNER, but in the Jewish metropolis with great publicity.

II. QUESTIONS.—Who interrupted Paul? With what words? What did he think of Paul? How suppose he had become insane? State Paul's reply. What condition of mind did it show? To whom did Paul refer? v. 26. Why would Agrippa know about Christ? How public was his crucifixion?

III. AGRIPPA NOT PERSUADED. (28.) ALMOST, literally "in a little," a phrase variously explained to mean "in a little" (time); "with a little" (argument); or, better, "in a little" (measure), thou art persuading me to be a Christian. (29.) WOULD TO GOD, I would pray to God; ALMOST AND ALTOGETHER, literally, "both in little and in much"—*i.e.*, "not somewhat a Christian, but out and out a Christian; THESE BONDS, the chains which had bound Paul to the soldiers.

III. QUESTIONS.—State Paul's direct appeal to Agrippa. Agrippa's reply. In what state of mind did this show the king to be? How did Paul answer him? What earnest wish express for all.

What does this lesson teach us—

(1.) As to Christ's place in the Old Testament?

(2.) As to the world's judgment of earnest Christians?

(3.) As to the benefit of being well grounded in the Scriptures?

(4.) As to the Christian's longing for the "almost persuaded"?

LESSON XXII.

NOVEMBER 25.]

PAUL IN THE STORM. [About 60 A. D.]

READ Acts xxvii. 14-26. RECITE vs. 22-26.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—Acts xxiii. 1-11. *T.*—Dan. vi. 16-27. *W.*—1 Pet. ii. 9-25. *Th.*—Isa. xliii. 1-17. *F.*—1 Tim. i. 7-12. *Sa.*—Ps. cvii. 23-43. *S.*—Acts xxvii. 14-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.—What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee.—Ps. lvi. 3.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—The Lord is the refuge of his people.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—When it was decided that Paul should be sent to Rome, he was put in charge of Julius, a centurion. They set sail. Contrary winds delayed the voyage. In sailing from Fair Havens to Phenice a violent storm overtook them.

NOTES.—*Eu-roc'-ly-don*, a typhoon or hurricane, coming from the north-east, and sweeping down upon the ship from the high lands of Crete. Such gales are now called *easters*. *Clau'-da*, an island seven miles long and three miles wide, off the south coast of Crete, now called *Gozzo*. *Crete*, an island in the Mediterranean Sea about midway between Syria and Italy; one hundred and forty miles long and from five to thirty wide; has a mountainous surface, Mount Ida being one of the chief peaks; its inhabitants were proverbial liars, Titus i. 12. *Quicksands*. The Syrtis Major, or great sandbank of Africa, near Cyrene, an object of great terror to mariners. The ship, drifting twenty-four hours before the wind, would have fallen upon it, and met with certain destruction. *Cæ'-sar*, Nero, son of Agrippina, "a monster without a parallel;" poisoned his step-brother; ordered the assassination of his own mother; set fire to Rome, as was supposed, and to avert the odium from himself charged it upon the Christians, who were persecuted and put to death in great numbers; probably presided at Paul's first trial (Acts xxvii 24), and may have been "the lion" referred to in 2 Tim. iv. 17; finally condemned to death by the senate, but killed himself.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) THE STORM. (II.) THE DESPAIR. (III.) THE ASSURANCE OF SAFETY.

I. THE STORM. (14.) A TEMPESTUOUS WIND, literally a "typhonic wind," tornado; EUROCLYDON, see Notes; CAUGHT, borne along; COULD NOT BEAR UP, look in the face of the wind (an eye was painted on the prow of ancient vessels); LET HER DRIVE, send before the wind toward the south-west. (16.) RUNNING UNDER, the shelter of; CLAUDA, see Notes; TO COME BY THE BOAT, to hoist it out of the water where it had been dragging. (17.) UNDERGIRDING, by sinking ropes under the prow and passing them several times around the ship in the middle; QUICKSANDS, see Notes; STRAKE SAIL, lowered the heavy sail. (18.) LIGHTENED THE SHIP, by throwing overboard the cargo. Jonah i. 5.

I. QUESTIONS.—Give a brief account of the voyage as far as Fair Havens, vs. 1-8. State Paul's advice, v. 10. Their reasons for attempting to reach Phenice, v. 12. What wind arose? Its effect upon the ship? Where was it driven? How did they attempt to secure it? Meaning of "undergirding"? What did they fear? What do the second day? Why? What the third day?

II. THE DESPAIR. (20.) NEITHER SUN NOR STARS: they had no compass, hence no means of steering if the stars could not be seen.

II. QUESTIONS.—What could they not see? Why did this trouble them? What was taken away? Why? Describe the condition of the ship.

III. THE ASSURANCE OF SAFETY. (21.) SIRS, literally men; TO HAVE GAINED, should have been spared; HARM, to yourselves; LOSS, of the ship and cargo. (23.) ANGEL OF GOD, Heb. i. 13, 14; WHOM I SERVE, while you serve other gods. (24.) BEFORE CÆSAR, see Notes, comp. Acts xxiii. 11; ALL THEM, their lives. (26.) CAST UPON, wrecked upon.

III. QUESTIONS.—Who cheered the crew? With what promise? How communicated to him? The words of the angel? The reason of Paul's confidence? In what way was safety to come? v. 26.

How does this lesson teach us—

(1.) That the Christian may be cheerful when others despair?

(2.) That the wicked may sometimes be delivered for the sake of Christians?

(3.) That we should avoid "shipwreck concerning faith"? 1 Tim. i. 19.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—"None are more safe in our common shipwreck of sin than they that swim out upon the cross which God hath laid upon them."—*Bishop Hacket.*

As thy days, so shall thy strength be.

DEUT. 33: 25.

CAMPAIGN NOTES.

AN OTTAWA BOY was the first to claim the skates this year. They were sent to him immediately, and, we hope, will fit him well and be the source of much pleasure to him. We expect that before the week is finished there will be many other claimants, whose demand for skates will be quite as promptly filled. There is nothing like beginning work early, so that the skates may be won and received before the first ice.

THE PRIZES OF A GOLD WATCH, a sewing-machine, and a silver watch are attracting a good deal of attention, and a number of the friends of the WITNESS, NEW DOMINION MONTHLY and MESSENGER visiting the city have called to see them. It is hardly necessary to say that they were well pleased with them, and went away more determined than ever to win the prize. They will have to work, though, if anything can be gathered from the energetic expressions of intent to win which are contained in letters from some of our correspondents.

"WHO ARE WORKING FOR THE PRIZES?" is a question that everybody is asking, and the answer is, All kinds of people. Grandfathers are working that their little grandsons or granddaughters may get a pair of skates; fathers and mothers have entered into the spirit of the work; but by far the most enthusiastic workers are the boys and girls who expect to win and wear the prizes. We wish them all every success, and that they may realize, in working for the WITNESS, DOMINION MONTHLY, MESSENGER, or L'AURORE, that they are putting into the hands of new subscribers a paper which the readers will be thankful for.

MANY QUESTIONS are asked us about the skates. The most frequent is, "Can I work for all your papers?" Yes, certainly. $6.00 for two DAILIES, $2.00 for the DOMINION, and $2.20 for two WEEKLIES, will count for the skates as well as any other amount. Your $10 can be for the WEEKLY WITNESS alone, NEW DOMINION MONTHLY alone, MESSENGER alone, or the AURORE alone, or can be for all of them. As long as $15, $10 or $9 for new subscriptions to these publications are sent us, no commissions being deducted, the skates required will be sent you. Another question is, "Will the papers be sent at once?" They will, immediately on the receipt of the money, and will date one year from January. Thus every subscriber gets his papers from now to the end of the year *free*. Do not forget this in canvassing, and you will also notice that by sending on your money early your subscribers will get their papers a longer time free.

EPPS'S COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*—Sold only in Packets labelled—"JAMES EPPS & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London, Eng.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

"NORMAN STANLY'S CRUSADE; OR, THE DUNKIN ACT IN TURNIPHAM," is, as its name indicates, a story whose plot hinges on the passage of the Dunkin Act. It is a first-class temperance story. The *Sackville Recorder* says of it: "It is a temperance tale for the times, told in simple language, having a plot which is bound to interest the reader. The characters are well painted, and the incidents often highly pathetic. It is a book which must interest friends of temperance, and which is calculated to do good to all who read it. The typographical appearance is good and the form convenient." The *Prescott Telegraph* says: "It is a decidedly readable temperance tale, based on scenes in everyday life, and calculated to do an immense amount of good in promoting the temperance cause. It should be in the hands of every advocate of temperance." Price 20 cents. Order from your bookseller, or send the sum direct to the publishers, John Dougall & Son, Montreal.

LETTER FROM THE REV. J. SALMON, M.D.

CHIPMAN, Queen's County, N. B.

MR. JAMES I. FELLOWS,

SIR,—In the practice of medicine I have recommended your Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, and have found invariably the following results:—

Greater freedom to the action of the Lungs, increased and more easy expectoration in cases indicated by dry cough, and decided augmentation of tone to the whole nervous system.

I can safely and consistently recommend your INVALUABLE preparation in a variety of cases, especially for Chest diseases, having successfully prescribed it in Bronchitis, Asthma, Debility from Liver Complaint, Debility from Fevers, and Debility from Impoverished Blood. I am, sir, yours truly,

JAMES SALMON,
Practising Physician and Surgeon.

GOOD HEALTH AND AN EVEN TEMPER ARE two of the best accomplishments young ladies can have, and these are necessary adjuncts to a beautiful face. The marks of a peevish disposition are not long in stamping themselves on any face, naturally the most beautiful. But who can help feeling peevish when ill-health comes? Very few, indeed, more especially when it is entirely unnecessary. A bad cold, if obtained in carrying words of comfort to a sick friend, is endurable; but it is difficult to enjoy one taken through an act of bravado. Just so when young ladies become invalids through obeying the dictates of that fashion which says: "Put on corsets and lace them as tightly as possible," and others of a similar kind, they find that everything has been lost and nothing found. With the growth of the knowledge of the human system, fashion will begin to obey sanitary laws. The publishers of DRESS AND HEALTH have done much to direct public attention in this matter. This little book has met with a cordial reception in England, Ireland and Scotland, as well as in Canada, and the sixth thousand is now ready for sale. For 30 cents each copies will be sent post free to any address in America.

TWENTY-FIVE FINE CARDS (SNOWFLAKE, DAMASK, &c.), no two alike, with name, 10 cents, post-paid. Three Packs for 25 cents. Canada Paper Money taken as pay. Send no Post-Office stamps. Address, NASSAU CARD COMPANY, Nassau, N.Y.

EVERY SUBSCRIBER TO THE "MESSENGER" may act as Agent for it, and on application will have copies sent to them for free distribution.

THE CLUB RATES FOR THE MESSENGER are when sent to one address, as follows:—1 copy, 30c.; 10 copies, $2.50; 25 copies, $6; 50 copies, $11 50; 100 copies, $22; 1,000 copies, $200. J. DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOW IS THE TIME

—TO—

WORK FOR THE PRIZES.

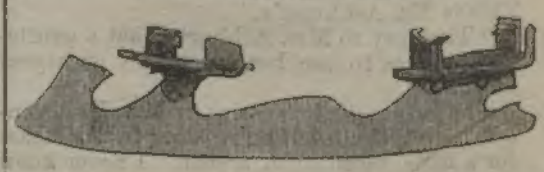
1st PRIZE.

The back of the Lady's Watch, greatly reduced in size, to be seen at the well-known establishment of Savage, Lyman & Co., St. James street, Montreal.

2nd PRIZE.

The $50 Wheeler and Wilson Sewing Machine (for which Mr. Julius Krase is Agent), to be seen running at No. 307 Notre Dame street, Montreal.

THE EUREKA SKATE.



THE CANADIAN CLUB SKATE.

All canvassers to the

WITNESS,

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY

and

NORTHERN MESSENGER,

who send us in $15 in New Subscriptions to these publications, deducting no commission therefrom, marking the list "IN COMPETITION," will receive, almost immediately, a pair of Eureka Club Skates to fit them.

Those sending in $10 in New Subscriptions, deducting no commission therefrom, will have sent them a pair of Eureka Skates.

A pair of CANADIAN CLUB SKATES, to fit, will be sent to all who forward us $9 in new subscriptions to those papers, deducting no commission therefrom.

MARK THE DIRECTIONS.

Be sure, in sending in your subscriptions to mark the list "in competition;" unless you do, no record for the skates will be taken of it.

Send in the names and subscriptions as you get them and when the full amount is received, state the fact, and also give the length of your foot in inches from heel to toe.

Begin work at once.

When you begin, work systematically, thoroughly and persistently; drawing out some specified plan of action, and then following it till successful.

Write to us before you begin work and get sample papers, &c.

THE PRIZES.

In addition to the skates—which everybody may get—a prize of a lady's or gentleman's Gold Watch, worth $80, will be given to the person who obtains the largest amount of subscriptions before December 15th, 1877. A second prize of a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, worth $50, will be given to the next on the list; and a Silver Watch, worth $30, will be given to the third on the list.

This scheme may be tabulated as follows:—

The person securing the largest sum in subscriptions to the WITNESS publications before December 15th, 1877, a pair of skates and $80 gold watch.

To the persons next on the list, a pair of skates and a $50 Wheeler & Wilson sewing machine.

To the person third on the list, a pair of skates and $30 silver watch.

To all persons sending in $15 in new subscriptions to the WITNESS publications, deducting no commission, a pair of Eureka skates of the best material, steel and iron welded, price $4.

To all persons sending in $10 in new subscriptions to the WITNESS publications, deducting no commissions therefrom, a pair of all steel Eureka skates, retail price $2.75.

To all persons sending in $9 in new subscriptions to the WITNESS publications, deducting no commissions therefrom, a pair of Canadian Club skates, retail price $2.75.

Commissions allowed on all subscriptions or renewals obtained after the skates are earned; or if the skates are not desired the commissions may be deducted from the beginning.

All desirous of entering into the campaign are requested to send their names at once, and sample copies will be forwarded to them immediately.

The names and prices of the WITNESS publications are as follows:—

DAILY WITNESS, (including postage).....$3.00
WEEKLY WITNESS,.....1.10
NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, enlarged to 128 pages, (including postage).....2.00
NORTHERN MESSENGER,.....30
THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, when clubbed with the WITNESS, is.....1.50

The price of the DAILY WITNESS to Ministers and School-teachers is $2.50 per annum; of the WEEKLY WITNESS, 85c.; of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, $1.50.

The NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published on the 1st and 15th of every month, at Nos. 35 and 37 Bonaventure street, Montreal, by JOHN DOUGALL & SON, composed of John Dougall, of New York and John Redpath Dougall and J. D. Dougall, of Montreal.